POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.

GLASGOW:

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THE

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POEMS.

ODE
ON THE
SPRING.

I.

Lo! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs, through the clear blue ſky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

II.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade,
Where-e'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,*
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink,
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think,

* ——— a bank
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine———
SHAKESPEAR's Midſummer-night's Dream.

(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardor of the croud,
How low, how indigent, the proud,
How little are the great.

III.

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repoſe;
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon;*
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhow their gayly-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the ſun.†

IV.

To Contemplation's ſober eye‡
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,

---

* Nare per aeſtatem liquidam— VIRG. Geor. lib. 4.

† ——ſporting with quick glance,
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold.
MILTON's Paradiſe Loſt, book 7.

‡ While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.
M. GREEN in the Grotto.
DODSLEY's Miſcellanies, vol. 5. p. 161.

In Fortune's varying colours dreſt;
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

V.

Methinks I hear, in accent low,
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor Moraliſt! and what art thou!
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay;
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone——
We frolic, while 'tis May.

ODE
ON
THE DEATH
OF A
FAVOURITE CAT.

I.

'Twas on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw, and purr'd applauſe.

III.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but midſt the tide
Two beauteous forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream;
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richeſt purple, to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapleſs nymph, with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

V.

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between;
(Malignant Fate ſat by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlippery verge her feet beguil'd;
She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery God,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd,
No cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard.
A favourite has no friend.

VII.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that gliſters, gold.

ODE

ON

A DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON-COLLEGE.

ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ ΔΥΣΤΥΧΕΙΝ. MENANDER.

I.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade:*
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

II.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields, belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

---

* King Henry VI. founder of the College.

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſoothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,*
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

III.

Say, father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace;
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

IV.

While ſome, on earneſt buſineſs bent,
Their murmuring labours ply,
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
DRYD. Fab. on the Pyth. Phil. from Ovid.

V.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſs'd;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſun-ſhine of the breaſt.
Theirs buxom Health of roſy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Chear of Vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

VI.

Alas! regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.
Yet ſee, how all around them wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhow them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, ſhow them they are men!

VII.

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that ſkulks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth;
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the ſecret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

VIII.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſhood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild *
Amidſt ſevereſt woe.

IX.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen!
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age!

---

* And Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.
DRYDEN's Palamon and Arcite.

X.

To each his ſufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender, for another's pain;
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more—where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

ODE
TO
ADVERSITY.

ΣΤΜΦΕΡΕΙ
ΣΩΦΡΟΝΕΙΝ ΤΗΙΟΣΤΕΝΟΤ. AESCH. IN EUM.

I.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

II.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant-mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

III.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

IV.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

V.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon-terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

VI.

Thy form benign, O Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there,
To ſoften, not to wound my heart;
The generous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY;

A PINDARIC ODE.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ· ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.—— PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake,*
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:

---

* Awake, my glory, awake, lute and harp.
Pſalms.

Pindar ſtiles his own poetry, with its muſical accompanyments,

Αἰολὶς μολπὰ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν.

Aeolian ſong, Aeolian ſtrings, the breath of the Aeolian flute.

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are here united: the various ſources of Poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcrib-

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance, as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rowling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,*
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance, at thy command.
Perching on the ſceptred hand †

---

ed; as well in its quiet majeſtic progreſs, enriching every ſubject, otherwiſe dry and barren, with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; as in its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent paſſions of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of ſome beautiful lines in the ſame ode.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,*
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet. †
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;
Where-e'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love. ‡

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὴ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἀθανάτοισι γένηται.
Hom. Odyss. θ.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
Παρειῇσιν φῶς ἔρωτος.
Phrynicus, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,*
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky;
Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar †
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes ‡ beyond the ſolar road, §

---

* To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given us by the ſame Providence, that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence, to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or ſeen the morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hill afar.
COWLEY.

‡ Extenſive influence of poetic genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welch fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs, etc.

§ Extra anni ſolisque vias— VIRGIL.
Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole— PET. C. 3. 2.

Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom,
To chear the ſhivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat,
In looſe numbers wildly-ſweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,*
Iſles, that crown the Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,

* Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taſte there. Spenſer imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

How do your tuneful echoes languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around;
Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of Tyrant-Power,
And Coward-Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion, next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,*
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take, ſhe ſaid, whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he, that rode ſublime †
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extacy,

* Shakeſpear. † Milton.

The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:*
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze, †
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. ‡
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courses of etherial race, §
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace. ‖

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. ¶

---

* —flammantia moenia mundi. LUCRET.

† For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels---and above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone---this was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. EZEK. I. 20, 26, 28.

‡ Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.
HOM. Odyss.

§ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes.

‖ Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? JOB.

¶ Words that weep, and tears that speak. COW.

But ah! 'tis heard no more— *
O Lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear, †
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

* We have had in our language no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, ſtile, and harmony for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr. Maſon indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his choruſes; above all in the laſt of Caractacus,

Hark! heard you not yon footſtep dread? etc.

† Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens, that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

THE BARD,

A PINDARIC ODE.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
'Confuſion on thy banners wait,
'Though fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'They mock the air with idle ſtate! *
'Helm, nor hauberk's ‡ twiſted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the ſounds, that o'er the creſted pride †
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of Snowdon's § ſhaggy ſide
He wound, with toilſome march, his long array.

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread. SHAKESPEAR, K. John.

‡ The Hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets or links interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to all its motions.

† The creſted adder's pride. DRYD. Ind. Queen.

§ SNOWDON was a name given by the Saxons to

Stout Glo'ſter ‡ ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance;
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
Looſe his beard, and hoary hair †

---

that mountainous tract, which the Welch themſelves call Craigian-Eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle built there by K. Edward the firſt, ſays, 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery,' and Matthew of Weſtminſter (ad ann. 1283) 'Apud Aberconway, 'ad pedes montis Snowdoniae' fecit erigi caſtrum forte.'

‡ Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to K. Edward, Edmond de Mortimer Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords-Marchers, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

† The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, repreſenting the ſupreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel. There are two of theſe paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) §
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desart cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'On dreary Arvon's * shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd eagle ‖ screams, and passes by.

§ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
MILTON's P. Loft.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

‖ Cambden and others observe, that eagles use annually to build their eyry among the Rocks of Snowdon, which from thence, as many think, were named by the Welch 'Craigian-Eryri,' that is, 'the craggy

* Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
* Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
* Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,*
* Ye died, amidſt your dying country's cries—
* No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
* On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
* I ſee them ſit: they linger yet,
* Avengers of their native land:
* With me in dreadful harmony they join,
* And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.‡

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright †

---

* of the eagles.' At this day, as I am told, the higheſt point of Snowdon is called 'The Eagle's Neſt.' That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, &c. can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.

* As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart. SHAKESP. J. Caeſ.

‡ See the Norwegian ode that follows.

† Edward II. cruelly murdered in Berkley-caſtle.

" The ſhrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that
" ring,
" Shrieks of an agonizing King!
" She-wolf of France,* with unrelenting fangs
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs†
" The ſcourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
" wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies! ‡
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obſequies.
" Is the ſable warriour fled? §
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
" The ſwarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born!
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,‖

---

* Iſabel of France, his adulterous Queen.

† Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

‡ Death of that King abandon'd by his children, and even robbed in his laſt momments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs.

§ Edward the Black Prince, dead ſometime before his father.

‖ Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froiſſard, and other contemporary writers.

" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwinds ſway,
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-
" prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the ſparkling bowl,*
" The rich repaſt prepare,
" Reft of a crown he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray, †
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye towers of Julius, London's laſting ſhame, ‡

---

* Richard II. (as we are told by Archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon. is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

‡ Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, believed to have been ſecretly murthered in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caeſar.

" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
" Revere his conſort's faith, * his father's fame,
" And ſpare the meek uſurper's holy head. †
" Above, below, the Roſe of ſnow, ‡
" Twined with her blushing foe, we ſpread:
" The briſtled Boar §, in infant-gore,
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er the accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" Half of thy heart we conſecrate ‖.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn.

---

* Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown, Henry V.

† Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

‡ The White and Red Roſes, devices of the two branches of York and Lancaſter.

§ The ſilver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

‖ Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments

'In yon bright tract, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
'They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
'But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
'Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
'Viſions of glory! ſpare my aching ſight,
'Ye unborn ages, croud not on my ſoul!
'No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail *.
'All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's iſſue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
'Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous Dames; and Stateſmen old
'In bearded majeſty, appear.
'In the midſt, a form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
'Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face †,
'Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.

---

of his regret and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and in ſeveral other places.

* Acceſſion of the line of Tudor. It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairyland, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain. Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welch ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the houſe of Tudor.

† Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki ambaſſador of Poland,

'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in air!
'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin *, hear;
'They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
'Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verſe adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love †,
'And Truth ſevere by fairy Fiction dreſt.
'In buſkin'd meaſures move ‡
'Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
'A voice, as of the cherub-choir §,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear ‖,

ſays, "and thus ſhe lion-like riſing daunted the ma-
"lapert orator no leſs with her ſtately port and ma-
"jeſtical deporture, than with the tartneſſe of her
"princelie checkes."

* Talieſſin, chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

† Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong. SPENCER's Proëme to the F. Queen.

‡ Shakeſpear.

§ Milton.

‖ The ſucceſſion of poets after Milton's time.

'That loſt in long futurity expire.
'Fond impious man, think'ſt thou, yon ſanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I ſee
'The different doom our fates aſſign.
'Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptred Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide, he plung'd to endleſs night.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author once had thoughts, in concert with a friend, of giving A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY: in the introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the ſtile, that reigned in antient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this iſland, and were our progenitors. The following three imitations made a part of them.

He has long ſince dropp'd his deſign; eſpecially after he heard, that it was already in the hands of a perſon well qualified to do it juſtice both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

THE FATAL SISTERS,*

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd Earl of the Orkney iſlands went, with a fleet of ſhips, and a conſiderable body of troops, into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sigtryg with the ſilken beard, who was making war on his father-in-law Brian King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sigtryg was in danger of a total defeat: but the enemy had a greater loſs by the death of Brian their King, who fell in the action.

On Chriſtmas-day (the day of the battle) a native of Caithneſs in Scotland ſaw, at a diſtance, a number of perſons, on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them; till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures reſembling women: they were all employ'd about a loom, and, as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, gallopped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

---

* The VALKYRIUR were female divinities, ſervants of Odin, or Woden, in the Gothic mythology: their name ſignifies "Chuſers of the ſlain." They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their

VITT ER ORPIT
FYRIR VALFALLI—*

I.

Now the ſtorm begins to lower:
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare)
Iron ſleet of arrowy ſhower †
Hurtles in the darken'd air ‡.

II.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

III.

See the grieſly texture grow!
'Tis of human entrails made.
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

---

hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla, (the hall of Odin, or paradiſe of the brave) where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* From the Orcades of Thormodus Torfaeus. Hafniae 1697. folio.

† How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower— MILTON's Par. Reg.

‡ The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air.
SHAKESPEAR's Julius Caeſar.

IV.

Shafts, for ſhuttles, dipp'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along!
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong!

V.

Miſta, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, ſee!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

VI.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

VII.

(Weave the crimſon web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

VIII.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' the enſanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful King your ſhield.

IX.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

X.

They, whom once the deſart-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

XI.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound.
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

XII.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

XIII.

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death.
Siſters, ceaſe. The work is done.

XIV.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing;
Joy, to the victorious bands,
Triumph, to the younger King.

---

* Ireland.

XV.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenor of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong,

XVI.

Siſters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed!
Each her thundering falchion wield,
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

UPREIS ODINN
ALDA GAUTR—*

UPROSE the King of men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed.
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to Hela's ‡ drear abode.
Him the dog of darkneſs ſpied;
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd.

---

* From Bartholinus, De cauſis contemnendae mortis. Hafniae 1689. 4to.

‡ NIFLHEIMER was the hell of the Gothic nations, and conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were conſigned all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old age, or by any other means than in battle: over it preſided HELA the Goddeſs of death.

Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues with fruitleſs yell
The father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſat,
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhime,
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead:
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mouldering bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain.
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet ſee
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold,
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the ſons of heaven.
Unwilling I my lips uncloſe.
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom,
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe.
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Propheteſs, my ſpell obey,
Once again ariſe, and ſay,

Who the avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſs'd,
A wondrous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe.
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What virgins theſe in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me, whence their ſorrows roſe.
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou.
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightieſt of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor propheteſs of good,
But mother of the giant-brood.

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron-ſleep again;
Till Lok * has burſt his tenfold chain.
Never, till ſubſtantial Night
Has reaſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd
Sinks the fabric of the world.

---

* Lok is the Evil Being who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he ſhall break his confinement; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his kindred Gods ſhall perith. For a further explanation of this mythology, ſee Mallet in his curious introduction to the hiſtory of Denmark. 1755. 4to.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.*

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELCH.†

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and Owen ſtrong,
Faireſt flower of Rod'rick's ſtem,
Gwyneth's § ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came:
This the force of Eirin ‖ hiding:
Side by ſide, as proudly riding,

---

* Owen ſucceeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near 40 years afterwards.

† From Mr. Evans's ſpecimens of the Welch poetry. Lond. 1764. 4to.

§ North Wales. ‖ Ireland.

On her ſhadow, long and gay,
Lochlin † ploughs the watery way.
There the Norman ſails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war.
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntleſs on his native ſands
The dragon-ſon ‡ of Mona ſtands;
In glittering arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby-creſt.
There the thundering ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and Shame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable Death.*****

† Denmark.

‡ The dragon-ſon] The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his deſcendents bore on their banner.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,†
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wandering near her ſecret bower
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

---

† ——the knell of parting day,]
——ſquilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.
DANTE. Purgat. l. 8.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The path of glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted va
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

The applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray:
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet even theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deckt
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by the unletter'd Mu
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic Moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our aſhes live their wonted fires.*

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate;

Haply, ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
"Brushing with haſty ſteps the dews away
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

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* Even in our aſhes live their wonted fires.]
Ch'iveggio nel penſier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiuſi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville. PET. ſon. 169.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

" The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
" Grav'd on his ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn."

THE

EPITAPH.

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH
A YOUTH, TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UNKNOWN:
FAIR SCIENCE FROWN'D NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE;
HEAVEN DID A RECOMPENCE AS LARGELY SEND:
HE GAVE TO MISERY ALL HE HAD, A TEAR;
HE GAIN'D FROM HEAVEN ('TWAS ALL HE WISH'D) A FRIEND.

NO FARTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE,
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE,)*
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.

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* There they alike in trembling hope repose,]
——paventosa spemc. PETR. Son. 114.

ODE

TO

MUSIC.

erformed in the Senate-houſe in CAMBRIDGE, July 1ſt, 1769, at the Inſtallation of AUGUSTUS HENRY Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the Univerſity.

Set by Dr. RANDALL, Muſic Profeſſor.

AIR.

ENCE! avaunt! 'tis holy ground,
Comus and his midnight crew,
nd Ignorance with looks profound,
nd dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
ad Sedition's cry prophane,
rvitude that hugs her chain;
r, in the conſecrated bowers,
t painted Flattery hide her ſerpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS.

r Envy baſe, nor creeping Gain
re the Muſes walk to ſtain:
hile bright-ey'd Science walks around,
nce! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

RECITATIVE.

m yonder realms of empyrean day
ſts on my ear the indignant lay!

There ſit the ſainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to ſhine
Thro' every unborn age, and undiſcovered clime;
Rapt in celeſtial tranſport they:
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They ſend of tender ſympathy,
To bleſs the place, where on their opening ſoul
Firſt the genuine ardor ſtole;
'Twas Milton ſtruck the deep-ton'd ſhell,
And as the choral warblings round him ſwell,
Meek Newton's ſelf bends from his ſtate ſublime,
And nods his hoary head, and liſtens to the rhime.

AIR.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves
"That Contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,
"Oft at bluſh of dawn
"I've trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia's ſilver light,
"In cloyſters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
"With Freedom by my ſide, and ſoft-eyed Melan-
-choly."

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth,
With ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
High potentates and dames of royal birth
And mitred fathers in long order go;
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn;
And ſad Chatillon, on her bridal morn

at wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare;
d Anjou's heroine; and the paler Roſe,
e rival of her crown and of her woes;
d either Henry there,
e murder'd Saint, and the majeſtic Lord
at broke the bonds of Rome.
eir tears, their little triumphs o'er,
eir human paſſions move no more,
e charity that glows beyond the tomb.

[Accompanied.]

that on Granta's fruitful plain
h ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
d bade their awful fanes and turrets riſe,
hail their Fitzroy's feſtal morning comes;
d thus they ſpeak in ſoft accord
e liquid language of the ſkies.

QUARTETTO.

at is grandeur? What is power?
vier toil! Superior pain!
at the bright reward of gain?
grateful memory of the good:
et is the breath of vernal ſhower,
bees collected treaſure ſweet;
et muſic's fall,—but ſweeter yet
ſtill ſmall voice of gratitude!

RECITATIVE.

moſt, and leaning from her golden cloud,
venerable Margaret ſee——
come, my noble ſon, ſhe cries aloud,
his thy kindred train, and me,

Pleas'd in thy lineaments to trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace!

AIR.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye
The flower unheeded ſhall deſcry,
And bid it round heaven's altar ſhed
The fragrance of its bluſhing head,
Shall raiſe from earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem!

RECITATIVE.

Lo Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtruſive ſhe;
No vulgar praiſe, no venal incenſe flings,
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Prophane thy inborn royalty of mind;
For ſhe reveres herſelf and thee!
With modeſt pride, to grace thy youthful brow
The laureat wreaths that Cecil wore ſhe brings,
And to thy juſt, thy gentle hand
Submits the faſces of her ſway,
Whilſt ſpirits bleſt above, and men below,
Join with glad voice the loud ſymphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye, and dauntleſs mien,
Thy ſteady courſe of honour keep;
Nor fear the rocks, nor ſeek the ſhore,
The ſtar of Brunſwick ſhines ſerene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

THE END.